THE BELMONT CHRONICLE.

AND FARMERS, MECHANICS, AND MANUFACTURERS' ADVOCATE.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. 5. NO. 28. ST. CLAIRSVILLE, OHIO, FRIDAY, APRIL 8, 1853. WHOLE NO. 808

THE BELMONT CHRONICLE,

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,

BY H. J. HOWARD & B. R. COWEN.

OFFICE ON NORTH SIDE OF MAIN ST.

A few doors below Marietta Street.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

If paid within three months,	$1.50
If paid after that time,	2.00

Papers discontinued only at the option of the editor, while arrearages are due.

TERMS OFADVERTISING.

Each square, (11 lines or less,) three week,	$1.00
Every additional insertion,	25
Yearly advertisements one column,	$40,00
Half column,	24,00
Quarter column,	15,00

Professional cards $3 per annum.

☞All letters addressed to the editor must be paid to insure attention.☜

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their periodicals, the publishers may continue to send them until all arreatages are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their periodicals from the offices to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled the bill, and ordered them discontinued.

4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publishers, and the periodicals are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take periodicals from the office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

POETRY.

THE OLD CHURCH BELL.

For full five hundred years I've swung
In my old grey turret high,
And many a different theme I've sung,
As the time went stealing by!
I've pealed the chant of a wedding morn,
Ere night I have sadly toll'd,
To say that the bride was coming, love-lorn,
To sleep in the church-yard mould!
Ding, dong, my ceaseless song,
Merry and sad, but never long.

For full five hundred years I've swung
In my ancient turret high high,
And many a different theme I've sung,
As the time went stealing by.
I've swell'd the joy of a country's pride,
For a victory, far off won;
Then canged to grief, for the brave that died,
Ere my mirth had well begun!
Ding, dong, &c., &c.

For full five hundred years I've swung
In my crumbling turret high;
'Tis time my own death-song were sung,
And with truth, before I die!
I never could love the theme they gave
My tyrannical tongue to tell:
One moment for cradle, the next for grave—
They've worn out the old church bell.
Ding, dong, my changeful song,
Farewell now, and farewell long.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE RED OAKS SCHOOL

Three Years Ago.

BY MARION DIX SULLIVAN.

A merry jingle of small bells,—a clatter of horses' feet on the hard snow,—the joyous bark of a large dog,—the ring of an iron-heeled boot on the pavement,—and the lines were thrown back with "Steady now, Clifford!" "See to him, Juba!" and Tom Bolder dashed in at the street door, sprang up stairs in just five leaps, and with a loud rap burst into Harry Somers' room, before the latter had time to brush away about half a dozen tears from his bright boyish cheeks, which he did in h ste, and before Fanny Somers had time to put down her apron full of kittens and run to the window, where she found the bay colt, Clifford, standing quite still, and Juba, the large dog sitting down close before him, and leaning his head against Clifford's breast, with an expression of the eye which plainly said, "Never you fear, my young friend! there is no danger: if there were any, I should see it first, and should defend you to the last."

Fanny held up a kitten to him, but he did not seem to think it large enough to growl at, merely winking nervously at it with the other eye, while the tiny kitten made a high back at him through the glass and then turned and scratched Fanny.

"And you are really going, Harry! all packed up and strapped; flute and violin locked in their cases. The latter instrument must be unpacked immediately," continued Tom, looking sedulously around at everything except the traces of Harry's chagrin; "for mother and Hetty, and Hatty and Jenny, and Ben and Jim, are impatiently waiting for me to bring your mother, Fanny, and yourself to spend a jolly evening with us. Wait a moment, while I put on Clifford's blanket, by way of informing him that he is to wait half an hour, and then speak to your mother about it."—So saying, he went down down stairs at three leaps.—The tears came into Harry's eyes again, "Oh, if I were as tall and strong as he!"

Presently arose the hum of voices from below; mother insisting that she could not spend Harry's last evening away from home, and Tom and Fanny persuading her that it would be much better for them all. Tom came up flushed with victory, exclaiming "We've won! we've conquered! In half an hour they will be ready. Clifford is nodding in his blanket and Juba is asleep in the sleigh with the lines in his mouth. You are all ready, and now let us sit down and talk freely of whatever makes you glad or sorry."

"I will," cried Harry. "I am obliged to keep on my best face before mother and Fanny, the parting with me is sorrow enough for them! I can trust you, Tom; you will not betray me. I know I must teach a school, if I keep on at college. I do not like to compel mother and Fanny to such rigid economy for the next two years, as they have practised during the last two. But this school teaching is my particular aversion.—Tom, if I were as strong as you! if I were as tall as you! Look here, Tom," said he, pulling him up to the large mirror. "See, I am only up to your shoulder."

"And that," rejoined Tom, "is as high as any good-looking boy of eighteen, and a sophomore, ought to wish to be. Look, and pity me, Harry; a big, clumsy six-footer of eighteen, with frowzly yellow hair, and sky-blue eyes, as inexpressive as those of the owls on Aunt Anne's sampler. Everybody thinks I am a man, and ought to know everything; while I am so awkward that I do not know where to put my immense paws, or how to keep out of anybody's way at a party, or hide myself from everybody's gaze at church. If I could only exchange conditions with you:—your figure is perfect symmetry; your brown eyes express everything kind and beautiful that was ever dreamed of; and your hair falls in bright chestnut curls"—

"Bah! I know it!" cried Harry, in excessive disgust; "I look just like a girl."

"Not at all; you have all manly accomplishments;—you can ride, drive, fence, and shoot.—Besides you are growing; who could expect to recover all at once from that terrible sickness! But what, pray, made you feel so very small all at once!"

"Why, uncle Sol has just been in here, and"—

"Captain Solomon Gibbens!" exclaimed Tom, rolling up his eyes, and laying his finger solemnly beside his nose. "Doubtless, ye are, the people, and wisdom shall perish with you. Don't tell me what he said; I know every word of it. Now, Harry, I am going to confide to you something that cost me bitter tears of shame. Brush those away from your cheeks, my boy;—they can't shine by the side of those I shed. You are the first person I ever told; but you'll not expose me. 'Twas last winter, when I went down east a hundred miles—I wish it had been a thousand! I wish it had been to Timbuctoo! However, I don't care now. Indeed, after I have left college. I don't care who knows it. Well, 'twas a year ago: I was about starting to my school, as big as I now am. Captain Solomon called in. "Well, my boy," said he, "you are about taking command of a small ship; and, as I have commanded a large one, I am going to give you a little advice *Be the master.* Hold your ferule always in your hand, and hit every one that gives you a saucy look, or answers back, or moves slowly to obey you. Lay down strict rules at first, and make severe examples of all who break them. *This is the only way.*"

"'Well, Captain Solomon ought to know,' thought I.

"On the way, I arranged and wrote down twelve rules, strict as possible. On the first morning, I walked haughtily up to my desk, with a big ferule in my hand, and looked defiantly around on fifty scholars,—many tall, womanly girls, very large boys, and several young men. I read my twelve severe rules, and expressed my firm determination to punish any deviation from them. I saw that I had not produced an agreeable impression; but they behaved with great propriety during the day, and, although I watched nervously, I could find no opportunity to use the ferule. 'Never mind,' thought I; 'to-morrow will be more propitious.' I dismissed the school, and remained to write some copies. When the house was still, I raised my eyes from my work, and was surprised to see the young men and large boys still in their seats, looking steadily at me. 'You are dismissed,' said I. 'We ain't ready to go,' replied one of the smaller boys; 'we have something to say to you first.' 'Well, what do you want?' cried I, rising, and grasping the ferule. On this, the Speaker—a small boy, not so large as you, Harry, with calm, mild eyes, and a sweet, honest face,—stepped out into the floor before me, while all the young men and boys followed, and ranged themselves behind him. They fixed their eyes on me, not impudent but cool and determined; and their young leader (in everything as in this—his name is George King, or 'King George,' as they call him,) said quietly to me, 'Your rules are too severe; they cannot be kept. Your ferule is too heavy; a blow from it might kill us. We do not need a ferule, nor any such rules. We mean to do just right; to treat you well, and learn all we can from you. We will treat you like a gentleman, if you will treat us like gentlemen.' He paused, and they all stood like brazen statutes, gazing on me. I quailed before them. The blood rushed to my forehead. I covered my face with my hands. 'They are right, brave fellows!' cried I, in my agonized heart; 'they are right and I am wrong.' I took my rules and ferule, and threw them into the fire; and then, with a strong effort, pressing back my tears, as every eye glistened before me, I gave my hand to King George, who grasped it silently. They all crowded round to shake hands with me, but no one could speak, and I left them. A hum of husky voices rose behind me, in which I distinguished the words, 'noble fellow!' we'll stand up for him to the last!' and, before I was out of sight, they gave three cheers for 'Master Bolder.' I hurried home, and locking myself in my room, wept, with shame and sorrow that I had been so misled by Captain Sol, and with joy that I had found such friends.

"'How do you like your school!' asked my hostess, that night.

"'*Very much, indeed!*' was my reply.

"Kind looks, confiding looks met me on all sides next morning. More than once I turned aside to brush away the tears that would start into my eyes. That was my first and last difficulty. There never was a fault which a few gentle words in *private*—not before the school—would not cure. And now, King Harry, hold up your head; human nature is the same everywhere.

"One thing more. At the close of the morning session, I found resolution to say, with a smiling face, and a tolerably steady voice, 'My friends, I came here yesterday with twelve strong rules, and a strong ferule to enforce them; but, as I learn that they are all superfluous, I have thrown them into the fire. I shall rely upon your good sense and good nature to carry us comfortably through the winter. You are dismissed.' Thereupon, King George sprang into the middle of the house, and, waiving his cap above his head, broke into a wild hurrah, in which he was joined by the whole of the boys. The girls clapped their hands and laughed and cried; then they each came to my desk with a low courtesy and a loving smile, with which they passed out."

"Thank you, thank you, my dear Tom! You have blown away all my fears and vexations. I don't care if I am small; I don't care for Uncle Solomon; I'll not pretend to more strength and dignity than belong to me. I'll do no flogging, but try kindness and courtesy instead."

"Stop, Harry What is there in you mind now that you do not speak!"

"Just what is in yours Tom. Just what good Mary Brown used to teach at the Sabbath school, when we were five years old. Yes, Tom, you learned it then first; but my mother taught me it when I was only three. Good old Mary Brown used to say, 'Whatever you resolve to do, commit it to the Lord, & trust him to help you with it. If your lesson perplexes you, ask him to assist you. If you are alone, and afraid, pray to him. He is always near those who call on him. *Do nothing* without a prayer in your heart to the Saviour." Poor old Mary Brown has long been in heaven; but her words live always in our mind. The habit of mental prayer is as natural as breathing to me, and as constant; and the effect is that, with the Saviour always before me, and a prayer to him always in my heart, I cannot cherish unkindness, I cannot hold to anything which I find to be wrong; I cannot deceive."

"The same precisely with me, Harry; and if I ever have success in life, it is owing to this habit."

"How much good you have done me Tom! I was perfectly miserable when you came. My uncle had been telling me what a bad school I am going to take;—how the boys have flogged their teachers, and insulted them in a hundred ways—Now, Tom, you know I am not, cowardly; but I *am* gentlemanly; I do not wish to be insulted by a score of stout, hard-fisted country lads, one of whom would be more than a match for a city boy. But now I don't fear. Following good Mary Brown's directions,—always looking to God, and depending on him,—I shall keep up my courage and do my best."

"But, Harry, one thing; I speak to you like an old soldier—I have served one campaign.—These young people have prodigious spirits; they must laugh, or cry, or fight, or frolic, or something. You cannot repress their spirits. They must have some safety-valve. I kept three. One was, when they could not keep still any longer, to let them all rise, & clap their hands, and laugh heartily, for three minutes; after which I gave them one minute to whisper, and one to compose themselves before study. The second (oh, how I wished I had your violin!) was, in the bad weather, when they could not play, to let them march all round the house, for five minutes, to some old 'muster-tune,—Jefferson & Liberty,' or 'Yankee Doodle,'—which all who could whistle were required to pipe up."

"Your own bright invention, Tom."

"The third one (oh, Harry how I wished I had your voice, which everybody but me calls on angel's voice—I'll not flatter even my best friend)—but I see you guess the third one."

"Yes, thank you; and I shall practise it in my school."

"Do and it will be the salvation of your influence."

"But this George King—were those his letters you have read me!"

"The same. He is an orphan, who supports himself by working on a farm, and studies all his leisure, accepts no pecuniary assistance, and incurs no obligation. He is the smallest and the smartest boy of seventeen that I ever knew—born for a leader. The country will find him out when she is wanting one. Now we must go. Clifford shakes his bell, and Juba is barking. We'll take the violin, and John Bennett will play half the evening. The Deacon's family are coming to help make out the dance."

"All ready, Fanny!"

"All ready," said Fanny.

"All ready, mother!"

"All ready," said mother. "Tom, dear, drive carefully."

"Oh, yes; Clifford's always careful."

And away they are all gone, with merry bells and glad hearts. Wearied with long standing, and altogether disgusted with city noises, Clifford flew, rather than ran, the few miles which brought them to Squire Bolder's, in the nearest country town. Juba preceded him, barking furiously at every creature he met, as much as to say, "Let alone my colt."

Mrs. Somers almost lost her breath, and quite lost all courage "Tom, dear, is that colt quite safe!" said she.

"Oh, quite safe," cried Tom, confidently.—"But you see, Mrs. Somers, he is just like a child; he is in a hurry to see home again. It seems a week to him since we came in town. I shall bring you home with Old Pomp, whom you know very well."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Somers; "I am hardly acquainted with Clifford yet."

The red twilight had faded, and the candles gleamed from the windows of Bolder Cottage—a grand fabric to bear so modest a name.

There was Tom's twin sister Hetty (Henrietta) and there was Hatty, whom Harry had all his life firmly believed to be the most beautiful, gentle, and sweet-tempered girl in the whole habitable world, but he had never said any such thing, and had been especially heedful that no one should infer it from his looks or conduct.

On this occasion, however, Hatty looked so irresistibly sweet and pensive, and it was such an affecting circumstance that they should be separated for a whole winter, that each of them should be obliged to seek another partner for the dance, another kind listener to their best and gentlest thoughts, it had nearly betrayed them both.

Said Harry, quietly to Tom, "Uncle Solomon thought I might be in danger of giving offence by making a favorite of one of my school-girls—I think there will be nothing to fear on that score, while I retain the memory of your sisters."

"I found myself, in no danger," replied Tom, glancing towards the piano, where Fanny was playing a gay air.

And now, while they are enjoying themselves, at Squire Bolder's let us precede Harry to the Red Oaks Village, (so called from a grove which has long since disappeared) in the town of B., to see how they are preparing for his reception.

They have just finished the new school-house. It is light and convenient, with green blinds.—The school-room has rows of desks on each side, and in the centre a large open space for classes to stand for recitation. This space is twenty feet long, and twelve broad. The hall door is at one end, and at the other a fire-place and the master's desk.

Outside there is the open play-ground, the skating-pond, the long, well-filled wood-house, &c., &c.

"Now boys," said the committee, "you have a nice house, and you shall have a good teacher. Behave like men, and do not insult your master. Let us have no more trouble. Our village has got so bad a name, that I find it very difficult to induce anybody to take it. I had to go a great distance, and say full as much as was true in its favor."

"I am going to school to learn," said John Beal, who was twenty-one years of agee, "I do not wish to play or to make mischief, but if the master insults and ridicules me, it's a wonder if I don't pay him."

"Just so with me," said Will Barry; I'll treat him well, if he treats me well."

"Well," exclaimed Joe Downer, "I have been flogged, and shamed, and worried all my life by masters, and now I am seventeen, and I hate books and lessons. I am, I rather guess, the tallest and strongest one in school; and I shall drag the master out and thrash him the first time he touches a scholar, especially if it's a girl. My sister Lucy was feruled last winter, when I was away, so that her hand is grown out of shape, and only for whispering to know where the lesson was. I have that to revenge."

"But this man, didn't do it," said John Beal.

"No, he did'nt, but the first saucy thing he does do, or threaten to do, will bring me about his ears. I hope he is a big, strong man. I can't fight with a little puny fellow."

"Look, there, Joe," whispered Lucy, as they went to church the next Sunday. "That is the new master. Ain't he pretty!"

"What! where!" cried Joe. "What, only that! That nice little girl, in boy's clothes, with dear little curls. That's too bad! No fighting for me; if he is saucy to you, Lucy, I will put him in the chip-basket, and carry him out on my shoulder."

The congregation were accustomed to join in singing the hymns, and Harry's voice, not loud and startling, not deep and hoarse, but low and sweet, came to every ear and thrilled every heart.

I have heard that voice. It is an angel voice. This is no fable. The Swedish Nightingale has a sweet female voice, but this is a clear, manly voice, sweeter even than hers. In the afternoon he was invited into the choir, where he modestly took the least conspucious place. At eight o'clock on the next morning,—one hour before school-time,—most of the young men and boys assembled on the hill before the school-house for coasting. Harry was only a few minutes behind them. He met them all coming down, and stood aside for them to pass, bidding them a kind good morning. He walked slowly, for them to overtake him on their way back, but as they did not seem inclined to do so, he turned about and went to meet them. "I could not resist the sport this morning," said he to Will Barry, who was the leader of the returning procession. "I used to when I was a smaller boy than I am now, but I believe I have forgotten how to manage a sled; if I can learn again, I shall get somebody to make me one."

"Won't you take a turn on mine!" said Will Barry; "it's a pretty large one."

"Thank you," said Harry, "I shall be very glad to do so." So he and Will Barry led off the procession, amidst the hurrahs of the astonished boys, whose previous teachers had never compromised their dignity by taking any notice their amusements. As they came up the hill, Harry assisting to draw up Will's large sled, a little boy ran to meet them, carrying a large, heavy ferule. which he presented to the master with a low bow.

"My father sends this to you, Sir, with his respects; he says you will have plenty of use for it, and you must not spare it. He'll send you another when this is worn out."

Harry stopped and took the ferule while the boys all gathered round him. "It is a very handsome one," said he, "and I am exceedingly obliged to your father. I shall have plenty of use for it, but it seems to me it would be more convenient for ruling copy-books if it was just half as long. If you would cut it in two for me," said he to Will Barry, "I will give you the other half for your trouble."

"Oh, it's not to rule copy-books," cried the small boy; "we have the ruled books."

"Then what is it for!" said Harry, with an expression of wonder.

"Why, it's to ferule the boys and girls with."

"Not the girls!" exclaimed Harry. "I should be ashamed to strike a girl; and as to the boys, why you see they are most of them larger than I, and the small ones are, very likely, stronger.—No, no; I came here to teach not to flog. I'll do my very best to teach all that want to be taught, but those that want to be feruled, must get some bigger man to do it for them. Come, boys, we have time for another coast before nine o'clock."

When they entered the school-house, the boy's watched to see him put on the awful dignity which they supposed inseparable from the office of school-master, and which many of them were so anxious to upset; but he did not put it on. He went about speaking good naturedly to each one, examining their books, &c. The ferule he put into his desk, saying it would be a very good but, when they had a game of ball.

Everything went on very smoothly, and the boys were let out for their morning recess. As they were about starting for a coast, Harry came running out, with his cap in his hand, and laughing.

"I declare," said he, "I am afraid to stay alone with so many girls—you must take me with you."

The boys raised a shout of merriment, and offered him a dozen sleds on the moment. He accepted the one belonging to the most savage and morose-looking by in the school, Clare Maris, the son of the Mr. Maris who had sent Harry the ferule. He and his three brothers were constantly scolded and beaten by their father, who, though in other respects a very good and sensible man, believed it his duty to punish every offence severely, and so managed them that little of love or kindness was left in their hearts. Clare had been beaten on that very morning, for threatening to *"come it"* over the little new master. He had come to school with bitter and irritated feelings, but Harry's reception of the ferule had softened him at once, and he never felt kinder & happier than when he took the good-natured master on his sled, while the others respectfully waited for them to lead off. Harry set up a grand hurrah as they went off, in which he was joined by the entire troop.

"You have a capital sled, and I am very much obliged to you," said Harry to Clare, as he assisted him draw up the sled.

"You are welcome to the use of it any time," said Clare, laughing, "and I'll take a flogging for pay."

"Just think of it, now," said Harry; "I am hardly so large as you, and not half so strong—How old are you!"

"Fourteen," replied Clare.

"Only fourteen, and so tall! I am really ashamed to own that I am eighteen years old.'

"Now I will own to you, sir, that I am ashamed to be so big and so ignorant," said Clare blushing.

"Well, then, let us shake hands. You help me in coasting, and I'll help you in your lessons."

"Thank you, sir."

"The girls must take their turn, now."

"I believe they *are* taking it, sir."

"And so they were—having a sort of wild gipsy dance, with gipsy music; but when the master entered, he found them all in their seats, flushed, but apparently absorbed in study.

On that evening Mr. Maris called on the master. He was exceedingly grave and distant.—Harry received him very cordially saying to him—

"You have some fine boys in the school. I like them very much, and hope they will like me too."

"They tell me," said Mr. Maris, sternly, "that you will have no punishments. That will never do. Boys must be flogged."

"If they behave well!" asked Harry.

"They never behave well, sir."

"Indeed, Mr. Maris, if I had been watching, I could not have found any occasion today, to punish any one."

"But you will have, and you must flog them. We hired you—"

"To *teach* the school, which I shall do, to the best of my ability. But most of them are larger than I, and there are many of them more than a match for me. Will you come and help me flog them if they need it!"

"With great pleasure," cried Mr. Maris.

"Thank you, sir—I will certainly send for you when it is necessary."

But Mr. Maris, greatly to his surprise, was never sent for.

"Well, how do you like the little man, Joe!" asked John Beal as they turned into the Liberty road. "You seem to be watching him."

"Yes," replied Joe Brown, "I have watched him all day, but I don't make up my mind till I see how he treats Julien. That poor fellow is as smart as anybody, but, just because he is brown as an Indian, which he can't help, every blockhead of a master takes it upon himself to knock him about and call him Cuff and Pompey, or at best Julius Cæsar. The poor fellow had made up his mind not to come to school this winter, but I persuaded him, and promised to see that he was well used. He'll be at school to-morrow, and I'll be there too—and then the master must look out,"

—

Harry had remarked Julien Seaver at church, and inquired his name. He was first attracted by his sweet alto voice, and then interested by the deep melancholy, almost despair, in his beautiful features—and then astonished, that so sombre a veil should be spread so over so fine a face He was glad to see the boy at school, and, as soon as the reading was over, he went directly to his desk, which was next to Joe Downe's the latter having secured it for him the day before, in order to protect him from insult.

"Good morning, Julien," said he kindly; "I am glad you are coming to my school. I heard your voice in church. You have a very fine alto, and we are going to have singing in the school—not only sacred music, but songs and glees. I shall depend on you for the alto."

Julien's dark face brightened with pleasure, and tears started into Joe Downe's eyes. He hastily brushed them off, and began to study very hard, as Harry continued.

"But we must not neglect the most important matters. Will you let me see your books!"

Julien was proud to show them. They were quite clean, and his progress was not exceeded by that of any one of his age in school.

Harry left him, with a few kind and encouraging words; and, as he departed, Julien turned, with a look of delight, to Joe; but Joe was using his handkerchief, and his face was not visible.

—

"Tim, mind you," cried one of the small, bad boys, "the master leaves his big ferule at home, and he don't dare to whip anybody. Let us cut a few shines, now."

"So we will," said Tim. "Let's rub his desk over with charcoal!"

"And I'll pin a newspaper on to his coat-tail!" cried Jerry.

"And I'll make faces at him!" said Bill.

"Hallo, you young rascals," cried Joe Downer, "look at me! I rather guess I'm pretty big and strong. If I am not, I rather s'pose I could get some help." (Looking round.)

"I rather guess you could," said Will Barry.

"Shouldn't wonder," said Clarie Maris.

"Well," continued Joe, doubling his fist, and shaking it in the faces of the astonished rebels, "I tell you this—one and all of you: The first one that begins to cut up a shine, or to insult the master, in any way—*mind* in *any* way—shall be knocked off this cousting ground, and specially flogged by me, every day, for one week or more."

The rebellious party slunk away in terror, and the subject of *shines* was never again alluded to,

—

"Mr. Downer," said Harry, as they came out of school that night, "have you time to walk a little way with me!"

This happened to be the first time Joe had ever been called Mister, and it pleased him mightily. He was gratified that somebody had at last discovered that he had arrived at manhood, and was candid enough to own the fact.

"Certainly sir," he replied.

"I want to ask you about the boy who came with you to-day. He is not a negro!"

"Oh no, sir. Though the people here call him so, and think very ill of us, because we treat him like one of the family. They take no notice of him. He is so miserable because he is black. He says he would gladly be skinned all over, if he could by that means become white."

"Poor fellow! It is really sad."

"Yes, sir. We want to keep him until his education is finished but he thinks he must go home directly."

"Where is his home!"

"The Sandwich Islands, or one of them. His mother was a native, and she married an officer of a French ship, which was stopping there. She was related to the royal family. Her husband called himself Julian Seaver, or Julien Sivre, as my uncle says it should be. He went away with the ship, promising to return within a year; but he never came. When Julien was old enough to walk alone, he used to go to all the vessels that came in, to inquire for his father, but he never could hear of him.

"When he was ten years old his mother died, and as he could not persuade any one to take him on board a vessel, he managed to get into my uncle's vessel, just as she was about sailing, and conceal himself for several days, till they were far from land, when he came out almost starved. My uncle heard his story and pitied him very much.

"He brought him home to be educated, and he says he shall be treated like a prince, and a gentleman, as he is—at least he should not be shunned on account of his color. But you cannot force people. They say he is a negro, and he is the only one in town. He is never invited anywhere with the other boys. Uncle did get him into the singing-school.

"He reads music as he would a story, but he won't sit in the singing seats, because he says everybody stares at him."

"Who is your uncle, Mr. Downer!"

"Oh, he is the Committee, Captain Downer."

"Indeed! Well, I thought that man must have a noble heart. I thank you for this information. We must talk again, about it. Will you come in, sometimes in the evening, to see me?"

"Thank you, sir. Good night, sir."

—

It was a mild, January morning. After the children were all assembled in school, it began to rain heavily, and continued pouring. The recess was unavailable. Nobody went out farther than the hall. Harry heard an extensive rustling, and looked up from the sum he was correcting. The small children were thrusting themselves into all imaginable attitudes, in order to obtain relief from the pain produced by continuing too long in one posture.

They looked miserable, and ill-natured, as though any change, a fight, or a whipping, would be preferable to the cramped and wearisome situation in which they were held.

"Poor children!" said Harry compassionately; "you cannot keep still any longer. Are you tired of sitting, Tommy!"

"Is sir," said the little child, just beginning to cry.

"Well, stand up, all of you; walk across to the door; now come back; go again once more; come back; clap your hands, laugh as loud as you can."

This they did, all the school bearing them company.

"There, now do you feel better!"

"Is, sir," said Tommy. "Is, sir," said they all.

"It seems to me you all look tired, and this is really a very tedious morning. We have such a large room we might as well have a little exercise in-doors, seeing it is too damp to play out. You may all of you—that is, all who wish to—come down into the floor, and march a little. I have my flute in my pocket, and all the boys who can, may whistle. Please range yourselves two by two: first the boys, then the girls. We'll march just five minutes, and then we shall be able to study much better. Begin with the left foot—*Now!*" and away they went, to the tune of "Jefferson and Liberty," which Harry played, the boys whistled, and the girls hummed.

"Stop! turn right about all! There, now; march the other way." All the school joined in this except John Beal, the young man, who sat entirely engrossed by his arithmetic.

"Now you may take your seats quietly, and study as fast as possible."

All cheerfully obeyed, and a dead silence succeeded, which was interrupted by an angry knock at the door. One of the boys opened it. It was Mr. Maris, who was prowling about in the hope of being able to make himself useful.

He sternly observed, "I thought you seemed to have a riot here, and I did not know but you might want some assistance."

"Oh, dear, no, sir," cried Harry, laughing—"You see, sir, it is such a wet day that the scholars cannot go out to play; and they cannot study without some exercise. So I let them march for five minutes; and you see how nicely they are making up the time. I am sorry you did not come in a little sooner to see them."

"I don't know," said Mr. Maris, shaking his head; "I think it is rather an innovation."

"An improvement, sir! Yes sir, you are right. It is a great improvement on the dark days when poor children were whipped because they could not possibly sit still any longer. This improvement, with many others, was introduced into the common schools by a most successful teacher, Thomas A. Bolder, Esq., from the city."

"I don't know, said Mr Maris, doubtfully shaking his head. "Well, you haven't sent for me yet!"

"No, sir, thank you; we have had no occasion. Won't you step in and hear us read?"

Well I don't care if I do. I may find some opportunity of being useful."

As the boys took their places on the floor, there was a slight disturbance, and Mr. Maris exclaimed, "There are two boys crowding and whispering."

Harry hastened to them, and said in a low, kind voice, "What is the matter, my boys?" They hesitated a moment, and the one who stood lowest replied. "Enoch missed a word yesterday, and I spelled it, and went above him; and I don't think it was quite fair that I should have token his place, because he misunderstood the word. I had rather he should keep his place."

"Well, Enoch!" said Harry, turning to the other.

"I was very sorry to lose my place; but I was inattentive, and I think I ought to go below James."

"I had rather he should keep his place," said James.

"You are both of you very honorable and generous, and I am exceedingly pleased with your conduct; but I can't decide between you. Where there are plenty of witnesses, it is sometimes well to decide the case by vote of the class; but as this seems to be an affair between two, we must settle it by lot. Clare, will you find two sticks of unequal length, & let them draw!"

This was soon done. Enoch drew the longest stick, and so retained his place.

"Perhaps," hinted Mr. Maris, "my boy has cheated: Enoch and he are great friends."

Instantly the blood rushed to Harry's face, and the lightning flashed from his eyes. He stood up, indignantly confronting Mr. Maris, and looking to his amazed pupils, as tall as Goliah. With an evident struggle to master his anger, and speaking respectfully to Mr. Maris—

"No, sir! you are mistaken. Your son does not cheat, or lie. I do not believe I have one scholar who would cheat. They all study well, and treat me well; and I would rather any one should speak against me than against *them*."

There was a momentary silence, and then John Beal (who usually sat motionless and inattentive as a stone post to everything excepting his arithmetic) hastily rose & requested permission to speak, which was readily granted.

"I have attended this school," said he, with some agitation, these eighteen years, I was feruled every summer by the mistress, and flogged every winter by the master, until I was strong enough to defend myself. Until this winter, no one has ever tried to make me understand my studies; otherwise I should not have been here now, when I am almost twenty-one years old. I never saw a master try to make his scholars happy before. I never before saw a master stand up for his scholars to save them from blame and punishment. I think we ought all to do the very best we can to make his task light and pleasant I should like to know how many there are in the school who intend to behave well and help the master."

Harry stood up, with a bright smile & said "Every one who means to do his duty hold up his right hand. Here is mine."

Every one immediately elevated a hand. Some of the girls by mistake held up the left one, and the children held up both, in their zeal to do something popular.

Then Joe Dower, who could no longer restrain his enthusiasm, proposed "Three cheers for Master Somers!" and, in the deafening hurrahs which followed, Mr. Maris effected his escape, somewhat ashamed of himself, & exceedingly puzzled with this new state of things.

There was one boy whose enthusiastic attempt at a most signal and surpassing hurrah failed entirely, and was choaked into a sob, which was, fortunately unheard in the uproar. This was Clare Maris. It was the first time any body ever stood up for him, defended his honor, and stood pledged for his truthfulness. "I am not the good boy he thinks me," said he to himself; "but henceforth I will be. He shall not trust me for nothing."

From that time, his whole conduct and deportment was so changed for the better, that his father, to his great surprise, never again found an opportunity to chastise him. Indeed, such was the masters's influence on his brothers, that the rod soon fell into disuse in that family.

—

Harry Somers, finding on inquiry that Saturday though not holy time, was the unoccupied evening of the week, informed his school that he "would always be at home at that time, and would be happy to see any of them at his room. It was rather small—would not comfortably seat more than fifteen; but any number not exceeding that would be very welcome. He would be glad of the opportunity to talk with them about anything which interested them, excepting their studies, which had better be laid aside from Saturday noon till Monday morning, as the mind requires rest. But they could sing, or tell stories, or whatever they pleased."

This invitation, kindly and simply given, was accepted with much pleasure, and the Saturday evenings thus distinguished, were so ardently anticipated, and heartily enjoyed, that they were obliged to "take turns," so as not to exceed the specified number. Julien Sivre was with them, no longer despised and neglected, but joyous and hopeful as any.